

For the Children

A LITTLE SERMON.

Never a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall
And where the sweet home voices
May answer when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings at set of sun
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done.

—Our Young Folks.

LUCY'S FIRST EARNINGS.

"I should be glad to have you do like the rest of your Sunday school class, and give fifty cents to missions; but for me to give you the money is utterly out of the question. Dorothy is needing a school book, and Wilbur can't get along another week without shoes. Though you are but a child, you know how closely we are pressed," said Mr. Bennet.

"Yes, I know, papa," sighed Lucy. "I can not ask you for the money. But I want the fifty cents so much! If I knew some way of earning it myself!"

"You are too young to expect to earn money," said Mr. Bennet. "You had better be giving your thoughts to your lessons and to your little duties and to trying to help mamma. When you are older you may be able to give many times fifty cents if you are faithful to your tasks now."

"Lucy is always faithful to her duties," spoke up Mrs. Bennet. "No mother or father could ask for a better child."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Bennet, smilingly. "That is all the more reason I am sorry I can not give her the fifty cents she wants."

"She is quite reasonable; and she understands," said Mrs. Bennet, gently.

Then Mr. Bennet went away to his work, and Lucy began her task of clearing the breakfast table. "If I could only earn the money myself," she sighed again, as she worked. "It would seem so much more like real giving."

Mrs. Bennet heard; but she did not answer, for she could think of no suggestion that would help the matter in the least.

After the table was cleared and the dishes were washed, Lucy sat down to the piano for a half hour's practice before school time. When the half hour was finished, there still remained some time before she need start for school.

"Mamma, here is the practice book I borrowed from Miss Brown," she said. "It has come all to pieces, and I am ashamed to take it home. It does not seem right to return a book in a worse condition than it was when it was first borrowed."

"It is not right, either," answered Mrs. Bennet. "Everybody should take special pains to be careful with that which is not their own. Very unpleasant feelings are often caused between friends by carelessness in

borrowing. We must do what we can to put the book into the best shape possible before sending it home. The cover was badly damaged, I remember; and the book was far from new."

"You know I can make very pretty book covers, mamma," said Lucy. "Suppose I make one for this? And we can stitch the sheets together."

"That will be well," answered Mrs. Bennet. "I believe we can make it look better than it did when you borrowed it. We will try as soon as you come home from school."

As soon as school was out that afternoon, Lucy hurried home and went to work with the book. First she fastened the loose leaves together with a strong thread. Then she bound a sheet of heavy white paper on for the cover.

"It looks very well, indeed," said Mrs. Bennet.

"I think I shall decorate the back with a vine and letters," said Lucy. "I can not make it look too well, for Miss Brown was kind to lend it to me."

"Make it as pretty as you can, agreed Mrs. Bennet.

So Lucy drew a vine, and letters too from the name of the book. After she had sketched it first with a pencil, she traced it with ink. Then she was ready to carry the book home.

"What pretty letters you have made," said Miss Brown, noticing the cover, as Lucy put the book in her hand. "You are quite a child to do such nice work."

"I think it is natural for me to draw," answered Lucy, modestly. "My teacher at school says I do very neat work."

"It is remarkable," said Miss Brown. "I am sure, too, you are a very conscientious girl to bring my book home in such good condition. It is not many grown-up people who are so careful."

"Mamma has taught me that I must not use borrowed things as though they were my own," answered Lucy.

"It would be well if everybody could have such teaching," said Miss Brown.

Then Lucy went home. But the next day Miss Brown was waiting for her when she came home from school.

"Lucy," said Miss Brown, as the little girl entered the room where the young lady sat talking to Mrs. Bennet, "would you like to earn a little money?"

"Indeed, I would, if I can," cried Lucy.

"I hope you can," said Miss Brown. "A lady saw the letters you made on my book cover, and she was delighted with them. She says if you will draw letters like that on some invitation cards she wishes to send out, she will pay you well. She wants every card to be different, you see; and she could not have them printed to her notion. Shall I tell her you will do the work?"

"Oh, I shall be glad to!" cried Lucy.

"Then I will take you to her now, as your mother has said you may go," said Miss Brown. "She will tell you how she wants them done."

So Lucy went with Miss Brown, and got the cards and instructions. She did the work nicely; and the lady was pleased to pay her more than the fifty cents she wanted so much. Afterwards she had more such work to do.

"You see, I am not too young to earn money; and to